



MEXICO! and HOT WOMEN! abound! We get TINIEBLAS JR.! and SR.! The BRAZOS! wrestle in every single match! BIG VAN VADER! the luchadore? MASKS! are lost! ERECTIONS! are plentiful! Sweet LUCHA LIBRE! we salute you!

Lordy, Lordy, do we love the lucha. So much so that we devoted another whole issue to it. If you don't like lucha.... well then you are a fool. We tried to get a cross section of all lucha libre (though my attempt to review some Promo Azteca was aborted when I refused to squint through the tape Dean gave me.) Dean, Ray, Marcel and I still got plenty for you to read (and Schneider makes a cameo too). Dean is out of the blocks first and he isn't afraid to bring the weird....
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~!~!~!~! PADRISIMO- AAA/EMLL SPECIAL!- 6/17/2000

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

All a man can really ask for in this world- the best of all possible worlds- is six or seven truly urgent romantic moments that made you feel alive for a minute there, one or two [superbowl/ Grey Cup/Premier League Championship] wins by his favorite football team, and to find ONE good steady supplier of the beloved Lucha Libre. I've done all of these things- and rather than bore you yet once again with my comical stabs at Romance As A Younger Man or gloating over the greatness that was the Dallas Cowboys, I will instead give MAD PHAT UPZ to Raven Mack, my Lucha connection. He gotta satellite dish for his compound in the backwoods of Rural Virginia and it has the Galavision that we all covet. We send each other tapes whenever we can muster the stamina to make it to the post office- which is irradically but its all cool. Raven sent me THIS tape and I was curious as to what t! he fuck it was. He had sent me the Best Of Ox Baker AND the weird ass Jimmy Valiant tape, so one never knows whatcha get from young Raven. It did have a warning by him written somewhere but I didn't really read it before I lost it in the world of my house. I'm assuming it said:

"Yo Dean,

WOOD EVEN MORE FURIOUSLY? They don't really show Olimpico's escort but Mr Niebla's is adorable in her tiny purple getup that matches Neibla's in color- if not womanly temptation. Emilio Charles is also unescorted; Bitterness and blueballs TAKE OVER as he and Sangre Chicano start beating the fuck outta each other. "Why am I always the MAN THAT WOMEN CANNOT LOVE!" shouts Emilio Charles, lamenting his fate. Either way, it makes for fun wrestling. They kinda bust up Niebla for a while. Texano has the bleached blond hair and one can only be reminded of a Latin Udo Dirkschneider in cowhide tights- again! The rudos stand around and then they do Basic Lucha Match #6 what with the misdirection and hijinx that say "mailed in because how can POSSIBLY try to compete with ALLLLLLL THAT?" then they get tired and opt to just take it home. Olimpico wins with twirly, spinny roll-up and then an El Nudo by Niebla and then it's all over! I'd bitch about the comically short match time- but then I realize that this frees up time for more heart-stoppingly hot babes to come out and sing for ME! A Father! And an old man! An old old old old pathetic man....

Patricia returns. The World's Hottest Spice Girls Possible Ever- LAS NENAS- is introduced. They are the Four Horsewomen Of My Own Self-Damnation-and-Self-Inflicted-Shame Personal Apocolypse of Throbby Temptation. They sing "El Mal Agradicio"- traditional Mariachi-esque song as a weird counterpoint the moves that I could not even imagine in my most vivid Cool Whip-based fantasy them doing in a gyraty thrusty pokey proddy kind of way. They are wearing these little burgundy outfits- each more unbelievably tight-fitting as the next. They dance with a guy from the audience and he holds his own with the dance moves and- somehow- he isn't... hypnotized... by... all the boobies.....

Los Nuevos Infernales (Rey Bucanero/ El Satanico/ Ultimo Guerrero) vs. Tarzan Boy/ Hector Garza/ Latin Lover
Ultimo/Bucanero/Satanico have the FUCKING MOTHERFUCKING DOGFUCKINGLY GREAT matching Infernales Jackets and the jackets rule it so hard that it takes seconds for me to become agitated by the relentless sexuality of their unbelievably hot escorts. Tarzan Boy comes out with the pants that have the the sun emblazoned on his dick- thus exemplifying every man in the joint via his tiny tights. LL, Garza and Tarzan Boy are wearing the tiniest pants in the building and that is SO saying something at this little conflagration. This match rules and Infernales beats the fuck out of everybody male with a buttock hanging out the bottom of their shorts. Latin Lover has the broken heart over his dick and I would wear those pants every day of my life. And you would come over to my nhouse to see them as I we! ar them, admiring the broken heart over my dick. The old Infernales rule in this, doing the triple teams you love: the dropkicks to the face, the punching, the kicking. LL gets to offense by ducking a clothesline and hitting the Luger double clothesline. Hector Garza hits a REALLY beautiful dropkick and LL hits a SWEET Lyger Bomb on Rey Bucanero for the pin. Satanico and LL take it to the mat and LL looks great. Satanico goes all 1978 Submission-crazy on him and LL is eliminated. Garza and Ultimo go at it. Garza is wearing long pants inexplicably and Ultimo hits a REALLY FUCKING BEAUTIFUL dropkick. Tarzan Boy hits a farking crazy 90 foot high Missile Dropkick to clear the ring of UG and crushes him with a barrelroll tope. Garza and Satanico DON'T take it to the mat

but instead go wild in the ring with dropkicks and armdrags until Satanico counters a Victory Roll into a pinning predicament! EMLL AND AAA REFS HAVE! AT IT! The pinfall decision is reversed and Garza hit a BEAUTIFUL moonsault for the win. This was good. Garza, Latin Lover and Tarzam Boy fucking rule. You already know about the rulingness of the Enfernales.

Patricia is back. What will she taunt me with now? Hey, it's Felicia Mercado and she's wearing more clothes than everyone who has been on this show combined so far. She had a cowboy motif. The song was perfectly fine in a Cher-on-a-battleship kind of way, but there was a really long musical break and she could have used some dancers to get her through that part. Oh yeah. Note for future reference.

Negro Casas/ Felino/ Heavy Metal (The Casas Brothers) vs. Electro Shock/ Bestia Salvaje/ Pirata Morgan

Bestia Salvaje comes out with Satana Naughtiest Girl In Mexico (I'm guessing). She hurt me. She hurt me real bad... OMIGOD~! Pirata Morgan comes out with blond haired PIRATE WOMAN! All hands on deck! I SAID "DECK"!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! This thing writes it's own creepy self... Felino is in silver and has the cape. Casas has the

moustache and Van Dyke- looking all the world like a young Carlos Santana. Heavy Metal has the giant belt and the equally great cape. How the fuck did Electro Shock get in this match?

Pepe Casas is the ref and I figure they would say conflict of interest. Felino is motherfucking Felino and takes it to the mat with Electro Shock like a king. Metal and Bestia take it to the mat and it's all hurty and shit as they punch each other in the face while fighting! for the kneebar.

Bestia and Casas decide to make the proceedings all stiff and start pummeling each other.

Heavy Metal looks great here and it's kinda sad to think about how much of his career he's pissed away. Dont' do drugs, kids. HM is fast off the ropes and dynamic with his moves. Casas and Bestia get back in and start just beating the fuck out of each other. Electro Shock comes in and takes one of those stiff Casas lariats that I love so much. Electro Shock stinks up a segment with Felino but bumps big and takes the Rolling Plancha from Felino to redeem himself. HM hits the pretty Somersault Plancha on Bestia, killing him dead. Casas rolls up Morgan- who can still bump for my grampa- but El Tirantes stops Pepe's count and the refs go at it. The Casas boys hold back their old man who looks like he really wants to tear Tirantes a new cornshoot. Instead they get the other EMLL ref in and the match continues. HM ri! ps Bestia's head off with a lariat and Triple Stereo La Majistrals wins it for the three brothers. Too short but a good little match- especially for HM feeling it and Bestia and Casas beating the living dogpoop outta each other.

Patricia returns to my life- bringing to it her boingy sunshine. She introduces a lady with feathers and a Carnivale outfit that is completely BUTTtastic! OH YEAH! She walks around with this guys wearing an ice skater shirt and a cumberbund. AND THEN SHE SINGS! And starts going all wiggly and starts making me cry and stuff. GEEZ LOUISE! She is NIURKA and she is SOOOOOO the XUXA 2001. GOD. I can't watch anymore of this. I'll just listen. Okay. There it's over. Okay, let me rewind this right quick because I didn't get the name of the song. It's in

Spanish and this could take a few shots. "YO REGRESARE"! That's the song. It's about Cuba, I think. Maybe I should rewind and start trying to decipher the words.....

After the commercial, Patricia comes back and introduces - I'm guessing here - the JUGGS Magazine version of Up With People. It's four guys with blue shirts and four ladies with the most fabulous chestpets EVER in the history of Mexican pop music. They do this humpy dance and it's scary in it's WHY THE FUCK DO I LIVE IN THE US WHEN I COULD LIVE THEREness. Three of the ladies are wearing KAORU pants and the other is wearing a WAAAAAY too tight skirt. The song is called "Banana" and I couldn't possibly disagree.

Shocker/ Pierroth Jr./ Abismo Negro/ Cibernetico vs Rayo De Jalisco Jr./Brazo De Plata/ Octagon/ La Parka Jr

Shocker has the stormtrooper helmet and the blue overcoat- looking like a Droog. Abismo Negro looks all cool. Pierroth dances with his hot as hell escort and suddenly Pierroth is the coolest motherfucker on earth. Cibernetico is right there visibly oozing steroids on my screen. Watching La Parka Jr pretend to be La Parka is like watching Christian Slater pretend to be Jack Nickolson. Super Porky enters my life again. His escort has a big ole butt- as we say in the Mid-Atlantic region. OOOOOOOCTAGOOOOOON! So this will suck. Oh, and there is Rayo De Jalisco to seal it. Shocker gets on THE STICK~! and can't believe how un-Guapo the chaods he's stuck with are. Super Porky is really fat. Yes he is and that's the story of the match. They make with the comedy jokes. I ask for! the return of NIURKA at this point, en lieu! Octagon and Shocker have a fun little armdrag sequence and that's about all you'd ever wanna see. Pierroth is getting that great Pretty Boy Doug Sommers Goes PR look to him and I'm loving it. Porky does the Refrigerator Falling Off The Front Porch toprope splash and the match comes to an end. Stinky!

We return and Patricia Navidad is in mariachi garb and singing her little heart out as we leave the wonderland of wrestling and beautiful women- the Dream World called Padrisimo.

STEP OVER YOUR DEAD GRANDMOTHER TO GETTING A FUCKING COPY OF THIS. LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO ARGUE. TRUST ME.

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@\$@\$@\$@ Universal Pro Wrestling '92 : Gran Estrella
(by REV. RAY DUFFY)

This tour covers a 6 man tournament for Hamada's lucharesu group.

Entered in the tournament are Los Brazos, the Death Missionaries (El Signo, Negro Navarro and Black Power), Los Cowboys (Silver King & El Texano) and Dr. Wagner Jr, Gran Hamada, Kendo and Dos Caras, Punish & Crush (the future Jado and Gedo) & El Hijo Del Santo and Jerry Lynn, Lightning Kid and Ricky Rocket. Pre match they all cut promos, the american teams being comically bad. Ricky's quote "We came to japan to meet interesting people... AND TO HURT THEM!" I'm not sure, but Rocket maybe Ricky Rice.

Team Minnesota Indies (Rocket, Lynn, Kid) vs. Punish/Crush/Santo (highlights)

Bulldog KT (Gedo) looks really chunky in this and does a dive to the floor that's mostly him landing on the concrete. Kid does an 8 mile tope con hilo from the top. The finish comes when Coolie SZ (Jado) takes out both Lynn and Kid with a dive as Santo takes out Rocket with a diving heat butt and a Bulldog Superfly splash.

Los Cowboys & Wagner vs. Death Missionaries (highlights)

This is really cut down, it appears as though Texano gets a lot of heat put on him, in the end, Signo gets an el Nudo on Silver King.

Los Brazos vs. Hamada/Kendo/Caras (highlights)

Pretty clipped as well as some brief bit of rudoing by the Brazos have them unmasking Dos Caras temporarily. In the end, Plata ends up hitting the fat splash from the top on Hamada for the win.

Los Brazos vs. Team Minnesota Indies (clips)

They do a spot where Plata repeatedly bounces Kid off his stomach and the ropes. This seems like the Brazos were pretty much in control. But while setting up for the finish, Brazo De Oro gets a super kick in the back of the head from Kid and falls down, Plata can't stop himself and lands on his partner and a pile on results in a pin.

Los Cowboys & Dr. Wagner Jr vs. Santo & Punish & Crush (clips)

Not much shown of this, but Doc puts away Coolie SZ with a tiger driver.

Death Missionaries vs. Hamada/Kendo/Casas (clips)

Another really clipped match, with Caras getting the win with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Los Cowboys & Wagner vs. Lynn/Rocket/Kid (clips)

Eh, I don't see the point of reviewing clips at this point. Los Cowboys hit a nice sandwich spin kick on Rocket before putting him away with Los Cowboys Clutch, which is sort of like a step over toe hold and an armlock by Texano, they lift the guy up into a dragon sleeper by Silver King. It's pretty neat looking.

Death Missionaries vs. Los Brazos (clips)

This ends in a double countout when they do a plancha train wreck which ends with Plata hitting a huge dive. The crowd boos, so we get a restart to the match. Plata ends up getting the win following a top rope splash on Negro Navarro.

Santo/Punish/Crush vs. Hamada/Caras/Kendo (clips)

This gets some more coverage. Kendo gets the kip up and bow spot in. Bulldog takes down Kendo for Santo to do a rolling senton on him which Santo rolls through and then does a tope onto someone on the floor. Kendo ends up tapping to El Caballo.

We then move to Koruken Hall, it appears there's a 4 way time for the tournament between the Brazos, Cowboys & Doc, Hamada/Caras/Kendo and Punish & Crush & Santo.

Punish/Crush/Santo vs. Los Cowboys & Wagner (2 out of 3 falls)

Coolie and Bulldog get in a hart attack on Silver King and put him away with a superbomb. The finish is sort of weird because Texano sort of runs in for the save, but instead of making it, he sort of falls on the pile for the pin. Second fall clips open with Coolie eating leap frogs on his back as he's held across the top rope. Coolie takes a double top rope elbow and then the Cowboy clutch for the second fall. The third fall seems that they crank up the stiffness on some lariats and chops. We get a dive sequence with the Cowboys and Punish & Crush leading to Santo and Doc going at it. Santo gets some near pins on Wagner before putting him away with the diving tope and the el caballo.

Los Brazos vs. Hamada/Kendo/Caras (2 out of 3 falls)

Dos takes the first fall on Oro with a top rope dive, the Brazos take a quick second fall with Plata getting the top rope splash on Kendo. Hamada gets the third fall after a back suplex on Plata after slamming him off the top rope, hitting a top rope drop kick, a suplex and a back suplex.

Finals - Punish/Crush/Santo vs. Hamada/Kendo/Caras

The First fall opens with Caras and Santo. They do the spot where Caras has a side headlock on Santo and he can't get pushed off and in this case, he's actually dragging Santo while holding the head lock. Santo, Kendo, Caras and Coolie do an odd segment of double teaming and countering taking all four out to the floor. Hamada ends up putting away Bulldog with a rana after they do a mid air crash on a double cross body spot. Second fall Coolie and Bulldog try to take out Hamada fast with the super bomb, but Caras makes the save. Coolie and Bulldog look like they're lost in spots during this as they try to double team Caras and can't quite get it together. Caras ends up dropping an elbow right on Coolie's face later in the match. The match ends with two straight falls as Hamada ends up taking out Coolie SZ with a series of headbutts and then puts him away with his jumping back suplex to win the tournament.

Clips from other tournament stuff as Masa Michinoku (Great Sasuke) works a match under a mask and does a quebrada that takes out about 8 rows of chairs on a pre-Dick Togo. After the match he does unmask.

MASA Michinoku vs. I think Black Power

MASA is coming out essentially in a full copy of Asai's outfit from the time period. MASA hits his row clearing quebrada right at the start of the match. This match seems really choppy, it's clipped, but there's some listless spots in here too. MASA hits the handspring moonsault to the floor at one point though. MASA gets the pin after moving out of the way of a diving headbutt and hitting a small package.

Next we get a "Hot News" segment and we get to see the wives of the luchadores who made the tour, for my two cents, I think Porky had the hot one, as well as a birthdays for I think Black Power and Brazo De Plata. They didn't fly in Jim Cornette to get his face jammed in the cake so,

the two birthday boys got it instead. Clips of 2 Debbie Malenko against Kaoru (KAORU) Maeda are shown with Debbie winning the first with a Northern Lights Suplex and Kaoru winning the second with a moonsault.

Sakigake Gantetsu/Punish/Crush vs. Lynn/Rocket/Kid

Sakigake gets beat up a bit by the Americans including some stuff kicks from Lightning Kid. He does pull off a neat powerslam counter to a leap frog. Kid tries to do a top rope leg drop but slips off the ropes and gets laughed at. Americans take the first fall with a double Rocker Plex (double suplex with Lynn hitting a cross body) on Sakigake for the pin. Second fall opens with brawling on the floor. There's a particular moment where Coolie and Lynn both have chairs and really look like they don't want to be throwing chairshots at all. This fall is a real mess with a bunch of bad looking stuff. Japanese team get the win after Gantetsu blows a rana and then hits it on the second attempt. Third fall opens with the Japanese team in control Sakigake hits a nice sky high drop kick on Kid who takes a bunch of double teams. He then takes a doomsday device from Punish & Crush. We get another segment on the floor where the Americans get thrown into the crowd. We get a plancha trainwreck afterwards with Waltman hitting a huge dive onto everyone. Lynn ends up getting pinned after taking a Steiner Bulldog and a superbomb. It seemed like a few guys hurt their legs at points in the match (Lynn was limping during a rope running segment). This was real eh, I think it had a lot to do with guys being real green at this point as they were really not smooth or taking too long to set up some spots factored in with guys getting hurt as well.

Los Brazos vs. The Death Missionaries

Pre-match the Brazos run around the ring spraying the crowd with silly string. When the Missionaries come out, they end up pulling silly string and get the Brazos, the referees and the announcers. It's funny as the crowd gets behind the Missionaries, especially Signo who the Japanese chant "Uncle" at in Japanese because Signo sort of looks like an old Japanese man. Brazos play the we're leaving until you cheer for us game at the start. So after 8 hours of this, the match starts. It seems like Signo and Plata are in the ring at the start with Signo actually slamming Plata. Brazo and I think Black Power do an arm drag sequence. The Missionaries get the first fall when Signo gets Oro with an el nudo. The Brazos take quick second fall with Plata hitting the top rope splash on Black Power. The third fall is sort of by the numbers Japanese lucha comedy. We get the Brazos pissed at Plata for accidentally hitting his own man, which the Missionaries try to steal him to his side. We get the star. The Missionaries win after Plata goes up top, but one of the other Brazos is knocked down and Plata gets knocked off on top of him. While it is sort of by the numbers by today's standard, this is still an enjoyable match. The Brazos were working sort of hard with Porky busting out a spin kick at one point. I guess I am a sucker for some of the spots they did in it.

Los Cowboys/Dr. Wagner Jr vs. El Hijo Del Santo/Gran Hamada/Dos Caras

The Cowboys and Doc attack right at the bell and get some heat on Hamada at the start. They then move onto Dos with the Cowboys giving him a double kneebar and Doc throwing in a cross armbreaker. The Cowboys and Wagner control the early part of the match until Dos gets the tag and cleans house a bit. They end getting the first fall when Santo does the rolling senton onto

Wagner, pops up to his feet and gets a Dos lift into a rana on Texano for the first fall. Los Cowboys get the second fall with the Cowboy Clutch. This was a bunch of Cowboys teaming stuff which looked good. Third fall is pretty quick as there's some dives, Hamada ends up in the ring with Wagner and ends up putting him away with a rana. The total time of the match was only about 15 minutes, it was good, but way too quick.

This tape was fun, but sort of hurt by so many clips. The main really could have afforded to go another 10 to 15 minutes. What this does do is make you want to find some of the early 90's Los Cowboys stuff. It's well documented the Playboyz love of Silver King, but back then, I'd say Texano was as good as Silver King. Their team work was good as was almost all of their other stuff. I would probably recommend going after the old UWF tv as they seemed to show more complete matches than they do on a tournament comp.

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+~+~+~+~ Ruleta del la Morte II (EMLL – 7/18/99)

(by PHIL RIPPA)

Marcel and I have been fighting back and forth as to who was going to review this. He blinked and I swooped in and snatched it up. Cat's away, early bird, yadda, yadda, yadda. I wasn't letting all lucha issue pass us by without a review of this show. It was turning into another WCW Handheld or Gay British Wrestling fiasco. God, this show is great and good and weird. All of that means inclusion on "Phil's Favorite Cards" list.

I am glad to see that Joel Schumacher is directing the proceedings as we start off with the elaborate Day-Glow dance routine. I chuckle uncontrollably as the lead dancer is doing the imitation of Kimberley I have seen. "I might be three steps behind everyone but I got big boobs and I am married to Tinieblas Jr."

Satanico/Zumbido/Valentin Mayo/Virus/Rencor Latino vs. Starman/Astro Rey Jr./Oriental/Tigre Blanco/Esse Rios

Hey Kids, it's one of them there Cibernetico thingys which we all love so much. Now, I don't think this is ever going to be able to compare to the 1997 16-man but that was also my choice for top lucha match of the 90s so I am probably biased. Considering that this is the opening match on a stacked card, the cool lucha matwork is jettisoned as we sprint through some cool looking spots. And personally, the rudos are the way more entertaining team. There is a ton of stuff that you will want to see so I will just run through the basic match and implore you to watch this whole match and card. Zumbido is the first one to start feeling it, as he bumps, bumps, bumps for the home team and then takes an Astro Rey Jr. tope dead in the chest. Valentin Mayo is all fired up and beats the hell out of everyone he sees. That is fine with me because if you aren't going to do anything else at least bring the lucha stiffness. Esse Rios was starting to move into the I'm-being-carried-by-Eddy-or-letting-my-indy-opponent-outwork-me-mode so I quickly wish for his elimination. Virus is teased as being the first one to go but it is all a SWERVE~! As he rallies back to eliminate Astro Rey (or maybe Starman – SHIT, I don't remember and I ain't going back. More reason to watch the match) with that backwards corner jump rana thingy that Dragon Kid always does that the kids cream themselves over. Mayo is

eliminated on the rudo side as Rios does one of the ugliest shooting star presses I have ever seen – well, at least out of the ones that actually hit their opponents. Tigre Blanco is gone as he gets his with something that was close to a piledriver and since it is MEXICO MOTHERFUCKERS, you know how to sell the piledriver. After Blanco's quivering mass is rolled out of the ring we are back on. Satanico and Astro Rey, Jr. trade rollups which concludes with Satanico eliminating Rey with a backslide. (Again, insert Starman here if I was wrong above. Phil Rippa laziest man on Earth) Esse does more "Look at me! I am wearing pink tights offense" which culminates in him getting counted out after hitting the over the corner tope con hilo. The affair boils down to Oriental on the technicians and Virus, Zumbido and Satanico left for the rudos. Oriental gets by Virus and I start to wonder if we are going to have a mini Felino run here. But Zumbido and Satanico bum-rush Oriental and make sure that there is no more babyface comebacks. Fun match if rushed and spotty.. Wets your appetite for what is yet to come.

Apollo Dantes/Mascara Ano 2000/Cien Caras/Scorpio Jr. vs. Negro Casas/Super Astro/Emilio Charles Jr./Super Porky

Now, this on the other hand, I really don't want to watch again. In one of those weird things in life, Porky shows up on almost all of the wrestling that I have. It is my lot in life. We brawl and we brawl and we brawl. I am deeply bothered by the fact that Scorpio, Jr. has his hands far, far down Negro Casas' pants. Anyway, the entire match seems to be a rudo beatdown. We brawl and we brawl and we brawl. Okay, the good guys are getting their heat back and that means Porky fat spots. Can ya tell I am leaning on the fast-forward? Man, Apollo Dantes is such the man for being on the receiving end of all the fat guy offense. More comedy. Finally. Thanks for playing boys but I got some unmasking to watch. There is a good run-in on Dantes that you will want to stick around the post-match for though. I won't spoil anything.

The dancing gets more bizarre as someone gets raised to the ceiling by their entrails (not really. At least, I hope not. If so – EMLL so crosses a line that I thought only XPW was capable of doing.) It ain't midgets repelling from the ceiling but this is just as good in its own acid flashback way.

Battle Royal

I am not really going to review the battle royal but it gives me a chance to explain the rules of this little tournament. The basic concept is that it is a "losers advance" tournament with the ultimate loser getting unmasked. That means win and you are done for the day and you save your mask. Last team hanging around has to wrestle each other with the loser dropping his hood. The Battle Royal determines the teams based on order of elimination (first out gets teamed with last in – I think, that was the only part I was still fuzzy on. And I have watched this a few times.) The guy who was losing this was pretty much a far gone conclusion but I will get into that later (hint – it is the guy with the big WWF logo on his ass). The battle royal is a battle royal. There are some neat little things. Like La Parka seems to be throwing the best punches I have ever seen him throw. Fishman is in full-on Iron Sheik "I am too old and broken down to take a bump over the top rope mode" and there is a moment where Blue Panther has Santo up on his shoulders while they are on the top rope and you are thinking "What the fuck is this going to

be?” Nothing comes of it but I was worried for a moment. Santo goes over Rey Bucanero to “win” the battle royal.

El Hijo del Santo/Villano III vs. Rey Bucanero/Shocker

Santo and Bucanero get to hook it up some more and Villano and Shocker aren’t afraid to bring the HATE~! too, so this is all sorts of great. Fast and furious action as all four men beat on each other. I also noticed how weird it is to watch this again and note that three of the four guys have dropped their hoods. (Figured it out yet? Remember – WWF logo on his ass). And no Santo match would be complete without someone trying to unmask him (Bucanero makes the attempt in this match). These are all one fall affairs, so when Santo murderlizes Bucanero with a tope that leaves Shocker at the mercy of Villano and his wacky submission. So Santo and Villano III save their masks as we don’t get the ultimate tease that we had gotten the year before (Santo stumbling all the way to the Finals before righting the ship. We couldn’t give Mexico collective heart failure for a second straight year – could we?)

La Parka/Fishman vs. Mr. Niebla/Tinieblas Jr.

Jason Campbell has a screw-up on the Wrestling Supercard page as he lists both Tinieblas Jr. and Sr. as being in this little party. That worries me deeply and also gets me to start doubting myself as to whether I have the right Tinieblas. I mean CRZ would never let me hear the end of it if I fingered the wrong Tinieblas (Dear God – that sounds so wrong). So, as I double check on that fact, I realize that this might be the first time we have ever reviewed a Tinieblas match. So a quick run through with the search engine disproves that fact. Wait a sec.... I reviewed a Tinieblas match before??? Do I even read my own reviews? Oh yeah – the Black Magic/Tinieblas feud. I watched more of that than I probably ever needed to. FUCK! Both Tinieblas are in this tourney. Jason wasn’t wrong. I was only fooling myself. That sucks because it means more opportunities to misspell Tinieblas. Okay dokey – this is junior. Someone has a deep sense of humor booking Fishman and Tinieblas into the same match. And even worse, you know one of them has to wrestle at least one more time. I will give both of them credit, they brought what amounts to their “A” games. Fishman – despite not being able to get back to his feet after an elbow – works a “if you wander in front of me, I am going to pop you one” style whilst Tinieblas is all spunky. (I really don’t hate Tinieblas. He is just so right there.) This gets more time than the previous match, which startles me – especially when you realize that Fishman is going to have to work a second match. Niebla and Parka look good. Lots to like. Niebla and Tinieblas get to call it a night as Parka does the job here.

Mmmmm.... lucha sign girl with a camel toe. And another one. I would like to personally thank the costume designer with a basket of porn

Atlantis/Violencia vs. Fuerza Guerrera/Tinieblas, Sr.

Fuerza is the unluckiest person in the world. Well, at least, he doesn’t have to job to Alushe. (By the way – go to La Arena and read Jose’s bio on Alushe. And then read all his other bios. So much lucha knowledge). I would really like to report that for such a serious tournament, there would be no Alushe antics but alas I can’t. Violencia is the unluckiest person in the world as he

has to sell all the Alushe antics. I think we all know who wins this. Mercifully short. Worst match on the show.

Olimpico/Blue Panther vs. Mascara Segrada/Ultimo Guerrero

I really could open the Pandora's Box here and ask which Mascara Segrada this is – couldn't I? Fuck – if we are going into full on revisionist mode; not only should have Blue Panther been in the Top 10 of the first 500 he should have been #1. He starts his run really really really amazingly great wrestling for the night in this match. Of the first round matches – this has the most actual wrestling, highlighted by Panther and Guerrero taking it to the mat. The highspots are pretty great: Panther gets obliterated by a Segrada tope but returns the favor with a top rope plancha. (That's right – air Panther). Olimpico also gets serious air on his one contribution to the match. Several near falls the best being Guerrero blocking the standing figure four by biting Panther's hand. Olimpico has taken a powder here as he is nowhere to be found so Segrada and Guerrero double team Panther saving their hides for the evening. I got no problems with the result because it means more Blue Panther wrestling.

La Parka/Fishman vs. Shocker/Rey Bucanero

Shocker and Bucanero start off the “we are not losing our fucking masks” beatdown, complete with an appearance of the star. As Parka and Fishman start their comeback, there is a fleeting moment where you think Fishman might be leaving his feet. There have been some old-man-falling-out-of-bed topes before but Fishman doing it now (or in this case 1999) is to unreal to think about. Then I realize that I am getting a Safeway Chocolate Chip cookie haze going. I could have lived without the Parka comedy but it is Parka in Mexico – I guess we have no choice. A double pin gets us down to a Parka/Shocker singles match. Parka sneaks in the enziguri that I love so much. Shocker has a lapse in judgment as he refuses to pin Parka after a powerbomb, electing to go for a second instead. This fails, fails, fails as Parka counters with the saddest rana ever and saves us the misfortune of seeing Fishman's hideous hideous face.

Olimpico/Blue Panther vs. Violencia/Atlantis

We are really starting to kick it into gear here as we have eliminated the dead weight. Panther says “I am wrestling to protect my identity. Let's rock, motherfuckers.” That means, you and I, the lucha libre fan WINS! WINS! WINS! Panther blasts Violencia win a front row crushing tope. It is also at this point where Olimpico starts to wise up and realize “Fuck, I am too ugly to lose my mask” and starts to do everything that it takes to win. That means heelish tactics (mask ripping 101). Panther continues to rearrange seats by using the corpse of Violencia. Atlantis brings the blood and we are so deeply into my favorite type of lucha. The hate is up to about 11 right now and it just keeps going. Fans flee. Ring barriers are destroyed. Announcers' notes are scattered. And the crowd (and me) love every second. Panther is carrying the load for his side and Olimpico is spent. AWESOME!!!! The double topes make you think what yutzes folks are for liking the worm. I digress, the double topes get us to Olimpico vs. Atlantis. And remember that part about Olimpico being spent, well it matters as Atlantis takes advantage to end his team's night.

Olimpico/Blue Panther vs. Shocker/Rey Bucanero

Here we go. Shocker and Bucanero rush out and start the “finals” immediately – taking advantage of the fact that Panther and Olimpico just finished wrestling. Desperate men. Desperate actions. Within seconds Olimpico is pumping blood and Panther is tied to the ropes by his mask. Things are looking dandy for Shocker and Bucanero. Keep Panther out of the way and take care of Olimpico. And then my favorite moment of the entire show happens and it swings the entire course of the tournament. Bucanero takes Olimpico outside and looks to whip him into the crowd. At the last moment, Olimpico reverses and Bucanero takes a GIANT Hindenburgesque bump into the front row – including taking out this masked child who they had shown three times already in the crowd shots. Instead of being eliminated in a Darwinian manner, Olimpico suddenly has his second wind as he tastes his own blood and becomes ENRAGED~! Shocker makes a break for it and tries to flee through the crowd but Panther stops that. The big MO is with Panther and Olimpico.... and they can do nothing with it. Olimpico gets eliminated as Bucanero hits the powerbomb/Michinoku Driver combo. (Oh yeah. Since this is the Finals both guys have to be eliminated to win. I just figured that out.) So now Panther is facing even larger odds. The crowd is solidly behind Panther and the place is getting loud. It gets even louder as Shocker twice teases a piledriver (the ref prevents both times). Panther is barely standing, his mask is in tatters. Shocker is using Panther’s mask to steady him for a stream of rights. But from somewhere deep, Panther grasps the arm and applies the Fujiwara armbar. Shocker is done. We are one on one with each man trying to save his team. Man, this match is delivering in spades. A distracted ref misses the Bucanero foul (Cheat to Win!). And I mean Panther takes a nasty foul too. Not one of those inside of the thigh fouls – full on foot meets balls. The crowd is molten and Olimpico is beside himself. He storms the ref amongst the now flying debris. For a second time the ref’s attention is directed away from the ring – missing the pin on Panther. Now Shocker is freaked. So for the third time, the ref is not paying attention and Olimpico – whose IQ tripled as this show went on – gets a DDT on Bucanero. Despite Shocker’s best effort to prevent it, the three count is made. And we are down to two. Man, if you are going to “overbook” something, that is the way you do it.

I am awash in green spandex and wedgies. EMLL is the greatest promotion ever.

Shocker vs. Rey Bucanero – Mask vs. Mask

It has come down to this and it is moments like this where you really realize why you love lucha. There are two men wrestling for the 17th time that evening and they are going full tilt, still bringing the goods. Neither man wants to lose – to face the next day with the shame of having lost their mask. You get drawn in as the bevy of near falls rushes by. Moves that haven’t been used all night (like the Shocker tope con hilo) are thrown out in an desperate attempt to not be the guy who lost five times in one night. The climax comes when Shocker hits a Death Valley Driver on Bucanero – which instantly turns the crowd on Shocker. Valiantly, Bucanero arises from the mat but he is so far gone that it moments he is submitting and about to lose his mask forever. I mentioned before about how the loser was pretty much a far gone conclusion and let me try to explain. Rey Bucanero would be the man who had a big WWF logo on his ass all night long. Bucanero agreed to work for the WWF as Vince and his merry men – in a soon to be another failed attempt – try to reach out to the Latino population. Of course, the Whiff being full of morons, didn’t like the luchadores to have masks. So Bucanero agreed to wrestle on WWF

TV sans mask. Well that is a big no no, so he had to drop his mask in Mexico too. Remember, the WWF tried to get Santo to appear without his mask but Santo gave them a big Fuck You and turned around and left. Bucanero wasn't as wise and instead had to drop his mask for what amounted as another Vince McMahon ego stroke.

If you haven't seen this entire show, you really should. You can know nothing about lucha but you can learn so much as you watch. The stories and emotions play out for you over the course of a few hours. And, you can sport major wood too. Go buy the tape from Alfredo.

~!~

^%^%^% EMLL PPV "Inferno En El Ring" (9/28/01)

(by MARCEL HILLE)

So, to celebrate the 68th Anniversary of La Empresa, they toss out a PPV with all the Infernales in a cage? Okay, I'll bite. But before we get started, let's bring out the Inferno En El Ring Dancers! Not quite the pomp and circumstance of the Ruleta De La Muerte dancers, but oh man, you will so not care about fancy outfits when you watch this. I was gonna rag on EMLL for running "Mambo #5" to this, but they could play "Beans and Cornbread," and it would be just as great and hippy and shaky and.....uh, I digress. TO THE MATCHES!

Ricky Marvin/Psicodelico Jr./Tigre Blanco vs. Virus/Dr. X/Mr. Mexico

Good to see Tigre Blanco back, I've always dug his work. Dr. X is the former Dr. O'Borman Jr., for those of you scoring at home. And because I know Tom was worried, Mr. Mexico still has the Mustache. Mr. Mexico also has the wrestling, working a fine sequence with Psicodelico to start. Primera Caída also includes a nice, short sequence between Tigre and X, and ends with a twisty, hurty-looking Tigre submission on X and a Psico Muto-lock on Mexico. The match is quickly evened up in Segunda Caída with a Marvin COR following a Virus posting and an Mexico Scorpion on Psico (Done, of course, with one arm, so as to flex the bicep with the other).

Tercera Caída has the dives you'd expect, with Marvin almost torching his back on the chairs in the first row. Tigre Blanco continues his fine showing, with a nice run-up-the-ropes headscissors and standing moonsault. Virus is also impressing with his flying and rudo-ism. The third fall as a whole is a nice opening-match-kind-of-affair that ends with an X dropkick to Tigre's head, a Virus bow-and-arrow on Marvin, and a Muscular Clutch from Mexico on Psico. Fun match, and I'm glad to catch some of these guys in action again.

Black Warrior/Apolo Dantes/Shocker vs. El Felino/Atlantis/Brazo De Plata

Warrior's mask rules, kind of a half-regular, half-skull thing. Shocker's entrance outfit looks like he should be the Bar Owner member of the Village People. Felino's wearing a garbage bag with tassels, so the tecnico side fares no better in the war of the entrance clothes. And who told Super Porky that blond hair was a good idea? There are far too many good workers in this match for Porky's whimsy to be dragging it down - he's a Kinder, Gentler, Funnier, Mexican Undertaker? Felino looks good in Primera Caída, moving quickly and with nice execution. He

gets a pin with a delayed Second-rope Black Tiger Bomb, Atlantis gets La Tapatia on Shocker, and Porky sits on poor Apolo.

Segunda Caida starts with Shocker hops up from two Quebradoras before selling a third one. Shocker's built up some good will with me lately, so I'm not sure why this was here. They apparently woke him up though, as a Shocker flying elbow puts down Felino shortly thereafter. Warrior and Apolo do a double-armbar on Atlantis and we're tied up.

Tercera Caida, and Porky's whimsy really, really has no place here. The rest is fine action, if a little listless. Shocker puts Felino away with a Moonlight Bomb and an Apolo top-rope splash puts things away for the rudos. I've seen these guys do better.

Safari/Olimpico/Mr. Niebla vs. Violencia/Poder Boricua/Gran Markus Jr.

Los Boricuas vs. La Ola Rojo for the National Trios titles. The Infierno En El Ring Dancers do double-duty tonight dressed up as Boricua ring girls. And before we get started on EMLL IS LLME/LLME ZONE, Pierroth E. Dangerously has some words for the crowd, which could probably be translated along the lines of "Puerto Rico #1, Mexico, *hock* *ptooey*" This easily gets the Pro-Mexico (duh) crowd into a frothing frenzy. Hey, if Mexico had lost that World Cup Qualifier against Honduras, the Boricuas could have switched to *that* flag and probably incited a riot at Arena Mexico. Not that I'm suggesting that they should have done that. Primera Caida goes quickly and to the rudos with Olimpico submitting to a Violencia headscissors and Poder Figure-4. Violencia ensures a COR on Niebla with a tope atomico outside the ring, and polishes off Safari in the ring with a senton.

Segunda Caida has Olimpico fighting off the rudos for a bit before tagging out to Niebla, who befuddles Violencia by dancing. Speaking of things I hate.....Niebla seems a hair off on his stuff. Safari hurricarana on Markus and the Nieblina on Poder ties things up.

Tercera Caida begins with Safari and Olimpico taking the action to the rudos. I enjoy watching both these guys. Poder's been working hard all match, too. End of the match has a heat segment on Olimpico, which culminates with Olimpico reversing a Violencia pump-handle into a small package for a pin and a pop. He then jobs to a Markus Boston Crab seconds later. Gran then misses a Tope Atomico (!), eats a Safari top-rope splash, and La Ola Rojo pick up the first Tecnico win of the evening. Pierroth talks shit to the Tecnicos and the crowd afterward. No problems with this match - Hell, when *Gran Markus* tries to work, you can't really complain too much.....right?

Juventud Guerrera/Fuerza Guerrera/Universo Dos Mil/Dr. Wagner Jr. vs. Villano IV/Black Tiger/Hijo De Lizmark/Negro Casas

I hope Juvi makes out okay here. His work will have to be better than his outfit - think Jeff Hardy Discovers Happy Hour at the Blue Oyster. And it really, really pales in comparison to Wagner's Greatest. Outfit. Ever. Because nothing says "Big Match" then when he breaks out the Camo Gear. I think Villano IV is actually wearing suede tights. Which makes it a pretty great outfit as well. Primera Caida has.....some wrestling. Villano IV and Universo work an old-school

sequence that is executed well, with no rush or overt playing to the crowd. Yeah. Somewhere in here Lizmark busts out the SPINAROONIE! SPINAROONIE! SPINAROONIE! Jeez, so much stuff to swipe from the WWF that might actually be cool and he takes that? Wagner and Juvi were at least good enough to borrow the 3-D and do a halfway-decent job at it. BT and Juvi have a nice little sequence that I didn't think Juvi had in him anymore. Wagner brings home the first fall for los rudos with a BT Bomb on Casas. Lizmark is not impressing me here.

Segunda Caida starts as the old-fashioned Rudo Caida, with assorted comebacks cut off, until V4 gets an advantage, which is transferred to Lizmark. A Lizmark tope and BT springboard plancha leave Wagner alone in the ring, where V4 and Casas overwhelm him. La Casita ties it up.

Tercera Caida shows Casas truly welcoming Juvi back to PPV by laying in the stiffness. Lizmark does the same with some chops until Juvi needs a moment to recollect himself, with a quick pep talk from his dad. I get a little misty here, stuff like that always gets to me. Right up until they kiss. Uh, my dad's pep talks usually ended up with a punch to the shoulder. Not that there's anything wrong with the way pep talks are run in the Guerrero household. Mama Guerrero must feel left out, though. Lizmark is really not impressing me here. Casas then decides to add a whole separate, new, different, creepy kind of stiffness to the proceedings by spanking lil' Juvi. Hey, I'm sure his dad has taken him to the woodshed enough times. Some nice back-and-forth action ensues, with a nice V4 tope and a weird Lizmark swinging bodyslam-into-Rock Bottom happening somewhere in here. Eventually, the match comes down to the captains, as the previous falls have. Well, almost, as a conveniently-missed Wagner UN FOULE! on Casas leads to a Juvi dropkick, which leads to a Wagner Driver and the rudos win their third match of the night. I like all these guys and everyone was in fine form here (well, except for Lizmark. Ehhhhh...), so I was into this, especially with Juvi pleasantly surprising me. I hope he's got his demons behind him now.

Rey Bucanero/Tarzan Boy/Mascara Magica/Ultimo Guerrero vs. El Mephisto/El Averno/El Satanico

Ya know, if they're gonna come up with the pre-match routine, you'd think they'd raise the house lights so fans could actually *see* it. But I quibble. No sooner than El Satanico hit the cage then he gets jumped and pounded upon and locked in the cage, with Averno and Mephisto trapped outside. Now that's some heel shit. Eventually, they get in and the brawl is on. Lucha cage matches (everyone tries to escape, last man left in the ring loses his hair/mask) aren't usually my cup of tea, but there is some wrestling to be found here, as well as all the Nuevos Infernales' triple- and quadruple-teams you'd expect. Plus there is all this hate and loathing and you have to love that. Cute bit as both sides try to exit the cage en masse after gaining an advantage and a barrage of pyro outside the ring sends them back into the ring. Tarzan Boy looks good here, bumping well. But the big story here is the level of camaraderie (and lack thereof) amongst the two camps. Case in point - Magica helps Tarzan keep Averno in the cage at one point, who then grabs hold of him. Tarzan thanks Magica by getting the fuck out of dodge, keeping his long locks and laughing at his teammates, who have now lost their 4-3 advantage. Pretty obvious breakup angle-starter there. As the remaining rudos (more so) go for a triple-team on Averno,

Bucanero uses a Guerrero springboard to go flying into the cage and heads for the hills, and the team is now down 2-3 when they were just up 4-3. I understand the logic that the best *team* is going to have everyone keep their masks/hair, but I know I wouldn't be able to resist the urge to bolt ASAP. Don't look at me like that, you know you'd be hauling ass over the top of the cage the first chance you got. The sides even up as Mephisto gets over and out as he climbs the tree-o-luchadores that had built in the corner as everyone made a break at once. Mephisto feels bad about leaving and wants back in, but is told no by officials. Aw, they're rudos with hearts... Skip over Guerrero leaving as all four made a break for it, and now we have Satanico well on his way out, but so is Magica, with Averno holding onto Magica's shoelaces. Satanico shows a lot more heart in this situation than I would (Hell, Schneider's had a bald head before, and right now he actually could use a cut.), and helps Averno keep his (still kinda ugly) mask. This then becomes a straight-up mascara contra caballera match and if you think Magica's taking Satanico's hair one-on-one here, you probably haven't been reading this fine publication enough - Antonio Gomez is the name of the man under the Magic Mask. Satanico celebrates by giving Magica's mask to some young lady at ringside, and fade to black.

I enjoyed this show, just not as much as previous EMLL PPVs. This seemed dashed together, as I have to think that they could have come up with a bigger show than this, not that I'm complaining. It's EMLL, of course it's worth seeing. Now, if we could just do something about Super Porky.....

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***** Lucha on Galavision (November 18, 1989)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

Lynch's matchlists doesn't specify which fed this is and the graphics just keeping pimping Galavision. So this lead to a big long dicussion as we tried to figure it out but every attempt to use logic failed. "Where did Pirata Morgan wrestle in 89?" "Everywhere" and so forth. My gut is leaning towards UWA but I wasn't willing to just come out and that this was UWA. Enough of my ramblings.

Pirata Morgan vs. El Brazo de Oro

This is a title match, unfortunately, I forgot to go back and see what title it was. I am a fool. This is an established fact; let's move on. I have suddenly acquired a bunch of early 90ish Brazos and I am entertained by it (How's that for a cryptic, vague statement that I can pretty much retract as I get more and more sick of the Brazo lip-lock spot.) The match builds like it is Senor Zybysko vs. Senor Regal. However, it is not as good as that really good Zybysko/Regal match but it is better than that bad Zybysko/Regal match. (How's that for a completely idiotic statement). Basically, at a minimum, everything falls into the Perfectly Acceptable Lucha Libre. The match slowly builds to the third caida. Morgan works over Brazo's leg building to the figure-four that wins him the second caida while Oro is content to apply some arm bars and get wins with roll ups. The final caida is a real treat but filled with some bothersome flaws. The two men pick up the intensity and pull out all the stops. That includes a back bump to the unforgiving floor and Oro doing the wild fat guy top rope plancha. (They tease a double countout after that)

Both guys sell the effects from the previous moves, which actually leads to one of the big flaws with the match. There are two separate occasions where Oro reinjures his leg but instead of going back to the figure four (or perhaps the sharpshooter which was also used in the match), Morgan either goes for a high risk move or worse applies what amounts to a choke sleeper. The really annoying part of the later is that that is how he wins the match. It just seemed that the logical conclusion to the match – if you are going the submission route – is to get a submission via a leg hold of some sort. But what do I know?

Vader/ Ken Timbs/ Cien Caras vs. Lizmark/ El Faraon/ El Satanico

The Vader/Timbs/Caras team is so the best WAR 6-man that never actually wrestled in WAR. The pre-match festivities alone make this a must see as Vader has the helmet and Timbs sings what I will go on record as saying is the best Star Spangled Banner by a wrestler – though he does kinda pusses out and not try to hit the High C. Additionally, he is called Fabuloso Blondy, which tickles me to no end. Ask Pete nicely enough and he will carry on about how Cien Caras is in the Land of 1000 Dances video. On to the match. The first caida is fun as Lizmark is all spunky and laying in the strikes. Vader is – not surprisingly – playing the monster heel and the technicos struggle to neutralize his strength. They fall as Vader locks in a front chancery on Satanico to take the caida for his side. The technicos have more success in the second caida as the work in quick double teams to get the advantage on Vader. This is where you can also see how great Vader was as he sells amazingly well so while big man mystique his smaller opponents look good. The key to gaining a victory is eliminating Vader and Lizmark is eventually able to get the big man outside (in a spot where Vader takes a big bump to the floor). Faraon then sacrifices his body as he does a crazy tope to stun Vader. This allows Lizmark and Satanico to score the old pinfall/submission combo to send the match into the third caida. With each passing moment, Caras and Timbs become increasingly secondary characters in this story which is fine with me because I would rather see all the Vader work. Most of the third caida is Vader fighting off three guys. The momentum swings back and forth with Vader's strong blows matching the speed of his opponents. Eventually, Lizmark gets crushed with a splash as his attempt at a top rope sunset flip, which ends things. Nothing memorable but interesting to watch as you see Vader work against another style.

El Brazo/ El Brazo de Plata vs. El Hombre Bala/El Verdugo – Hair vs. Hair Match

I still stand by my statement of enjoying Brazo matches. There are some pudgy guys doing some brawling in this one. The Brazos get the beatdown during the first fall including El Brazo doing the “I am wrestling in a hair match so I am going to bleed, bleed, bleed”. Plata of course just wanders around happy. Being that this is a brawling affair, we punch our way right into the deciding caida. (Bala and Verdugo take the first rather easily. Plata lays out the splashes in the second to even it up.) Verdugo is bumping big including the head first meeting with the seats of the second row. The fat Brazo spots are starting to be rolled out now as we get the splashes, the sitting on opponents and the dancing. We also are getting the Porky planchas – Verdugo isn't afraid to be a man and do an awesome job of catching. Man, Bala had a nasty tope. Plaza is starting to feel the effects of all this action and is eliminated – which is probably a good thing since the heart was willing but the body had stopped cooperating. Bala is ousted just as quickly. So, El Brazo and El Verdugo are fighting to keep their teams locks – the mullets of the Brazos

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I was scanning an Alfredo tape looking for a match to review and saw that there was money being thrown into the ring after this trios match. I was jazzed, because as a rule money being tossed into the ring is a sign of a real classic match. Maybe the Monterey crowds are just used to main eventers dogging it, because I thought this match, while perfectly fine Lucha Libre, was not worthy of a coin shower. This had a traditional trios match format, with the first fall having the workers pair off, and work a mat section, before moving into a quicker less mannered section. Antifaz matched up with Damien, and despite looking like he is mainlining some incredibly rare

dangerous muscle enhancers only available in the back room of Tijuana donkey shows, looked good here. Damien didn't though and looks really lost in a straight lucha match. The locals (Negro and Star) looked fine, although demonstrable less polished than most high end luchadores. Panther and Atlantis was Blue Panther's goodness, just ruling it on the mat including some reversals by Atlantis which started from a headstand and was just beautiful. Nothing else really stood out in the match besides the Panther/Atlantis sections, decent tope by Antifaz, but that was all. I noticed another great thing about Blue Panther in this match, he takes really graceful somersault bumps on armdrags and ranas, he just spins down and back up really quickly, and athletically for an older guy. The athleticism he shows in that, makes me think he could have been a heck of a Lizmark style high flyer if he had taken that route.

NEXT TIME: The All US-Indy Issue (And it is going to be huge)
THE DEATH VALLEY PLAYAZ ~
8 FISTS IN THE FACE OF WRESTLING....

I walked through a county courthouse square,
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda run down."
He said, "Naw, it'll do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flagpole has leaned a little bit,
And that's a Ragged Old Flag you got hanging on it."
He said, "Have a seat," and I sat down.
"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag.

"You see, we got a little hole in that flag there when Washington took it across the Delaware.
And it got powder-burned the night Francis Scott Key
Sat watching it writing Say Can You See.
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
With Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at its seams.

"And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on though.
She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Bragg,
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag.

"On Flanders Field in World War I
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.
She turned blood red in World War II.
She hung limp and low by the time it was through.
She was in Korea and Vietnam.

She was sent where she was by her Uncle Sam.

"She waved from our ships upon the briny foam,
And now they've about quit waving her back here at home.
In her own good land here she's been abused --
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, and refused.

"And the government for which she stands
Is scandalized throughout the land.
And she's getting threadbare and wearing thin,
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in.
'Cause she's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot more.

"So we raise her up every morning, take her down every night.
We don't let her touch the ground and we fold her up right.
On second thought, I do like to brag,
'Cause I'm mighty proud of the Ragged Old Flag."

- Johnny Cash
"Ragged Old Flag"